1 55 5 12

A

Pindarique ODE:

Humbly Offer'd to the

Ever-Bleſſed Memory

Of our Late Gracious

SOVEREIGN LADY

Queen MARY.

Written by *J. D.* Gent.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. Hor. lib. I. Carm.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Whitlock*, in *Stationer's Court*, near *Amen-Corner*, 1694.

C 4772A 0'4

A Pindarique ODE,

UPON THE Death of the QUEEN.

I.

THe Mighty Work is done, which in his Heav'nly Mind,
Th' Immortal Pow'r above had long before deſign'd.
See, the Great Pillar of the World lies Dead,
Conſum'd by unavoided Fate!
See, what old Prophets in their Verſes ſaid,
Who of this fatal Day did wondrous Things relate!
O Sacred Shade, why didſt Thou ſilent go?
Why ſtood the ſolid Earth ſo firm at ſuch a Blow?
Ye Heavens, why ſhook ye not? why did not Storms ariſe,
And Darkneſs overflow the Skies?
Or hairy Comets this ſtrange Revolution ſhow?
As that Great * Monſter of the World, *Ol. Cromwel.*
Who every Kingdom with fierce Wars did rend,
Who all things in diſorder hurl'd,
In Thunder, and in Hurricanes did to the Shades deſcend.
But Heav'n of Her far better things did know,
And She who no diſturbance made below,
Twas juſt She ſhould to Heav'n in Peace and Silence go.

II.

Ah wretched Nation! thrice unhappy Land!
Which doſt on ev'ry ſide on ruine ſtand;
Become a Wonder to thy Friends and Foes.
How art Thou mourn'd by theſe! how ſcorn'd by thoſe!

Inſulting

Inſulting *Paris*, with a wicked Joy,
Laughs at thy Sorrow and thy Tears;
† *Lewis* XIV. And that † **Old Serpent**, who does all deſtroy,
Hiſſes, and ſhakes his Tail, when the glad News he hears.
Empreſs of Iſlands once! the Glory and the Pride
Of all the Spacious Univerſe beſide:
Thy Valour ſhow, thy Courage now declare;
Where is thy Strength? Thy Beauty where?
Thee Nations lov'd, thee Kingdoms did adore,
And thy unbounded Pow'r did ſtretch from Shore to Shoar,
* *The Arms of England.* And thy Imperial * *Lions* through the World did Roar.
Heaven's brooding Seed on all thy Fields did lie,
And thy large Fleece was never dry.
Be, Happy Iſle, (*ſaid God*) for ever be
From Hoſtile Arms, and from Invaſion free:
Thee let no cruel Troops aſſault, no mighty Hoſt,
No foreign Prince invade thy Armed Coaſt.
Then round thy Boſom the wide Sea He threw,
And made the Waves a Shield, and Caſtle too.
But, Darling of the Gods! The Care of Heav'n alone!
Oh! ſay, Where are thy Mighty gone?
Where are they now who guarded thee from Violence & Wrong?
Juſtly we're fill'd with Wonder and with Dread,
Since all that e'er was lovely, now is fled,
The Great, I mean the Good, and Vertuous *MARY*'s dead.

III.

Tell, O ye Winds, Fate's rigid Law,
Spread all around the mournful Voice;
Let *Belgia* hear th' unhappy Noiſe,
And bear it to Fam'd *Orange*, and *Naſſau*.
Say, Their Great Hero trembles now,
A Royal Sorrow ſits upon his Brow;
And underneath the Weight His Valiant Soul does bow.
He, whom nor barb'rous *Turks*, nor *France* could e'er,
With their unnumbred, Armies terrify,
Death He hath ſeen in War, yet never fear'd Him there,
Nor trembled when the Bloody Standard roſe;

Nor

Nor was afraid in Martial Camps to die ;
Whoſe ſingle Valour can oppoſe
A Univerſe of Stubborn and Reſiſting Foes ;
The only Hero, th' univerſal He,
That ne'er was Conquer'd yet, and ne'er will be,
At laſt His Love above His Heart prevails,
His Strength eclips'd, and all His Courage fails.
As the * *Pellæan* did his Friend bemoan,
And breath'd forth many a Sigh and many a Groan :
Soft Tears unbuckl'd His Heroick Soul,
Nor could He tame His Grief, nor could His Heart controul.

* Alexander *moan'd his dear Friend* Clitus.

IV.

Ye † Piny Fiſhes, whereſoe'er you go,
Let remote Kingdoms our Great Sufferings ſhow :
Where'er your flying Canvaſs does its Wings diſplay,
Where'er through the large Regions of the Main
You cut your liquid Way,
To Nations, as you paſs, complain ;
Tell ev'ry Coaſt, and ev'ry Shoar,
Say the Great * *Pana*'s dead, ſay *England* is no more.
The Winds ſhall bear it to ſome diſtant Clime,
Whether fam'd *China* or *Japan* it be,
There to Her Name ſhall live, and conquer aged Time ;
And rowl with ev'ry Wave along the Sea.
Beyond where the known † Columns ſtood of Old,
Beyond what Mariners ſhall e'er deſcry,
Beyond thoſe Worlds unknown, where'er they lie ;
Her Glory, and Her Virtue ſhall be told.
And if by me Thy Name is e'er forgot ;
If e'er Great Ghoſt, it ſlips out of my mindful Thought,
May Art forſake me, and my *Muſe* become
For ever ſilent, and for ever dumb !
O may it never more my Mind inflame,
If I ſhall once forget Thy Memory and Name !

† *Ships made of Pine,*

* *Alluding to that noted Story of* Πὰν ὁ μέγας τέθνηκε, *The Great God* Pan *is dead.*

† *The Pillars of* Hercules. Né plùs ultrà.

V.

But ſay, What ſhall I worthy Thee rehearſe?
Too high my Subject, and too mean my Verſe.
Say, in what Lays, in what immortal Strain,
In what bright Numbers wilt thou live again?
For tho' thy Body mingled in the Duſt does lie,
Thy Soul, which never is to die,
Thy mighty Soul, ſtamp'd of Heav'n's nobleſt Coin,
More Pure than Gold, more Precious and Divine,
Does in thy Everlaſting Vertues ſhine:
Thy Everlaſting Vertues did I ſay?
Yes, ſure, they will remain;
Yes, ſure they will for ever laſt, and reign
Beyond the Laſt and Everlaſting Day.
Nor art Thou gone, whilſt there is left behind
The beſt and trueſt Image of Thy Mind;
Vertue does Thy reſemblance ſhow,
And ſtill Thou breatheſt in th' Example which Thou gav'ſt below;
As when the God of Light deſcends to reſt
In the deep Ocean of the ſultry Weſt,
Some ſteps of *Phœbus* we may ſtill behold,
He fringes all the Clouds with Silver and with Gold.

VI.

Say, mighty Shade, to whom haſt thou aſſign'd
Thy noble Spirit? to whom's Thy Mantle left behind?
Speak; Does that happy Mortal breathe below
Who can compare with Thee? Who can Thy Praiſes ſhow?
Smile but upon me, and Thy Smiles will raiſe
Me to ſo vaſt and lofty Pitch, that I
Shall ſoon forget my-ſelf, and learn to fly
With other Poets, whoſe immortal Lays
Do pierce the gilded Sky;
Where meaner Birds did never ſtretch their Wings, and where
Only *Jove*'s Royal Eagles ſail thro' the unbounded Air.

* Theſe with a ſteddy Eye behold the Sun,
And ſee the ſhining God in his Meridian run:
Strictly they view the Glories of his Face,
How bright his Beauties, and how ſwift his Race:
Whilſt others ſtanding on the Ground below,
Look up, and faint, and weak, and weary grow;
No longer able on his Light to gaze,
No longer able to endure the Vertue of his Rayes.

* *Only* Eagles *can look againſt the Sun ſteddfaſtly.*

VII.

How then ſhall I, a meaner Bird, begin?
Which of thy num'rous Vertues ſhall I ſing?
Or thy Religion and Piety,
Thy Patience, and Thy Clemency,
Thy Mildneſs, and Humility,
And wide extended Charity,
Which thro' the *Britiſh* World did run.
Which with the Sun it's Morning Race begun,
And ended with the lab'ring Sun?
Widely and far Thy Princely Bounty reach'd,
And, like the † *Pharian Nile*, o'er all our Nation ſtretch'd;
But far more happy did it glide,
With a more fruitful and more * conſtant Tide,
And water'd all the World beſide.
Forgive me, Son of God! and pardon if I ſay
Like Thee She ſpent her Night, like Thee Her Day;
Like Thee She could Create anew;
So far Her winged Bounty flew:
Thouſands, like Thee, She often fed,
And oft She heal'd the Sick, and oft reviv'd the Dead.

† *From* Pharos, *an Iſland in* Egypt, *lying at the Mouth of* Nile.

* Nile *flows but once a Year.*

VIII.

Nor did She ſpread Her Charity alone;
To Heav'n, and all the World Her Piety was known:
Religion did Her Actions ſway;
Religion's Precept She did ſtill obey,
And every Hour did Praiſe, and ev'ry Hour did Pray.

She,

* *Moſes.*

She, like th' old *Hebrew* * Prophet, did with Heaven diſcourſe;
Her Prayers obtain'd ſuch mighty force,
She talk'd with the Creator Face to Face;
And thence Her Beauty ſhone, and thence Her Heav'nly Grace.
But all our Opticks of Philoſophy,
All our faint Reaſon is too weak to ſee
Whether She was a part of the Bleſt *Trinity*:
Whether She was the *Holy Ghoſt*, or no,
And came in Human Fleſh to viſit us below;
For ſince She liv'd by Prayer, we may ſuppoſe it ſo.

IX.

She, like *Elias*, when the Land was parch'd and dry,
Unlock'd the watry Chambers of the Skie.
Her Pray'rs ſuch Bleſſings did obtain,
She from above could call the Dew and fruitful Rain.
Nor need we wonder at her living Power,
Since being dead She caus'd a greater Shower.
Her Prayers were equal to Her Friends and Foes,
She pray'd for theſe, and pray'd for thoſe.
And when the Scepter fill'd Her Royal Hand,
Of Idols how She purg'd the Chriſtian Land!
Deſtroy'd the Golden Calves which did in || *Bethel* ſtand.
Strong, tho' a Woman, like ſome Rock She ſtood,
And frightn'd all the Helliſh Brood;
† Vultures, and wild Birds of Prey,
Owls, and Bats, which hate the Day,
From Her Divinity did haſte away.
Thou North! (and then in God's great Dialect She ſpake:
God's Dialect became Her well)
Thoſe cruel Foes to Us, O North in pieces break;
And, O ye Winds! that ſtubborn Off-ſpring quell:
Drive thoſe Swine headlong in the * *Tyrrhene* Main, ſaid She;
For ſince they harmful and pernicious be,
And cannot live by Land, 'tis fit they ſhould by Sea.

|| *The Church*; *for* Beth-el *by interpretation ſignifies*, The Houſe of God.

† *By Vultures and the reſt, are meant* Roman Catholicks.

* *The* Tyrrhene *is put for any Sea.*

X.

X.

Tho' Heav'n Her num'rous Vertues knew,
To Heav'n Her num'rous Vertues flew:
Tho' She had all the Glory that Mortality could have,
(Glory! that Cloud, which, like a Shadow, runs,
And, like a *Daphne*, our Embraces ſhuns)
Tho' none was e'er more Good, more Vertuous, and more Brave,
Yet was Her Soul as Low and Humble as the Grave:
For ev'ry Night She ſpent, and ev'ry Day,
In contemplation on Her Native Clay.
Upon the Duſt Her mindful Thought She kept,
And often at Her fading Glories wept:
Majeſtick Sorrow in Her Breaſt did riſe,
And divine Tears ſtream'd from Her noble Eyes:
While Angels bore Her to the Land of Reſt,
Such humble Thoughts Her gracious Mind poſſeſs'd,
She thought Her-ſelf too mean to dwell among the Bleſs'd.

XI.

Henceforth, ye Mountains, which adorn fair *Albion*'s Sea,
For ever Black and Mournful be;
O never more be White,
Nor kind to the returning Saylor's ſight!
Whether from *Guinea* he his Riches ſhow,
Or where wide *Indus* Silver Waters flow,
Or where *Arabia*'s Spicy Foreſts grow.
And Thou, O *France!* whilſt *Europe*'s Princes mourn,
Since thou doſt laugh, and all their Sorrow ſcorn;
Be Curſt: May Heav'n with Bloody Int'reſt repay
Thy Cruelty, and moſt Inhumane Joy:
And may thy *Rhine* and rapid * *Sein*,
Rowl to the Ocean, Bloody with thy Slain,
And make a truly Red, a truly Purple Main.

* *A River in Paris.*

XII.

And thou, O *Kenſington!* Great *Kenſington!*
(But, Ah! why do I call thee ſo,
Since now the Beaut'ous and the Mighty's gone?)
Curſt *Kenſington*! the cauſe of all our Woe.
Henceforth become a wild, uncultivated Place,
And like ſome barren Deſert be;
Let never Dew, nor Showers deſcend on thee;
Nor let a Kingly Court thy Countries ever grace:
† Fair † Eye of Heav'n, ne'er on their Mountains ſhine,
Never thy uſual Ray of Favour give,
As when the Beauty of the Place did live;
Whoſe Influence was more Pow'rful than thine:
Their Fields let never Plough-Men dreſs,
Their Trees no fruitful Branches bear;
Be only Cypreſſes and Willows there,
And all beſide a ſtony, *Libyan* Wilderneſs.

† *The Sun.*

XIII.

But, now She ſees how vainly we lament,
Whilſt She adorns the Starry Firmament!
Whilſt *Hallelujahs* waft Her to the Heav'nly Shoar,
Where *Sancroft* and Great *Tillotſon* have ſail'd before;
And as She paſſes through the *Milky-Way*,
Which leads to the *White-Hall* of God,
Where Stars innumerable are ſpread abroad,
She looks with Wonder and Amazement round the Realms of Day;
And as She Piouſly looks every-where,
The *Bleſſed Virgin*, firſt Salutes her there:
Two *Maries* now in Heav'n are ſeen,
The *Bleſſed* VIRGIN, and the *Bleſſed* QUEEN!
Immortal Joy among the Juſt does grow,
The *Bleſſed* QUEEN does ſuch a Ray beſtow.
Heav'n with Triumphant Echoes does abound,
And greater Gladneſs does through the Bright Fabrick ſound,
Than when a Hundred Sinners that repent are found.

XIV.

XIV.

Fly, fly, pure Saint, to Thine own Kingdoms fly,
And fix Thy Station in Thy Native Sky!
Go, Royal Spirit, lead on the Glorious Way,
Whilſt Clouds and Stars beneath Thy Feet do lie;
Whilſt Saints of Honour on their Muſick play,
And all the Peers of Heav'n, for Thy Arrival ſtay!
Lo! up to th' higheſt Firmament She flies,
And there augments the Glory of the Skies;
There does the Pure, and Innocent Soul remain;
There does She ever Live, and ever Reign;
There ſits She Cloth'd in pure refined Rays,
And hears Reſounding Heav'n ſing Her Eternal Praiſe.
So after the Redemption of Mankind,
After the Storms which the Great Ranſome bore,
To Heav'n He did return, from whence He came before,
And left His grieving Twelve behind:
As through the City of the Stars He rode,
Angels and Saints met the Triumphant God,
And full of Adoration, and of Love,
Around him the bright Company did move,
And bleſt him, as He paſt to fill His empty Throne above.

XV.

Look down, Triumphant Goddeſs, and ſome Pity ſhow
On us, Thy Subjects truly Militant below:
Favour our Pious Cauſe, and let Thy Beaut'ous Star
Defend and Guide us, in our Noble WAR:
Let Thy Star fight for us, I ſay;
For Stars of Old have fought in their Battalia,
And did their Bloody Banners againſt † *Iſrael's* Foe diſplay.
See, how Thy Hero toils on this laborious Stage,
And ſtruggles with an Impious Age!

† Jud. 5. 20. *The Stars in their courſes fought againſt* Siſera.

See

See what vaſt weight Thy *WILLIAM* does ſuſtain,
Whilſt Monſtrous Tygers, and fierce Beaſts of Prey,
And ſtubborn Men more fierce than they,
Croſs His ſtrong Rage in vain!
Now, valiant Prince, lament no more,
But to Thy ſtreaming Sorrow place ſome Bound or Shoar,
And the * *Tyrinthian* Champion's ſteps purſue,
Who Dragons, Beaſts, and Birds, a mighty number ſlew:
At laſt by the Decrees of his great Father *Jove*,
He was tranſlated to the Gods above;
And as through the bright Pavement he does walk,
And with his Heav'nly Brethren talk,
He does the Starry Monſters ſcare,
(In Heav'n they're fearful, as on Earth they were)
And frightens all the Birds, the Beaſts, and Serpents there.

* Hercules, *ſo called from* Tyrinthia, *a City near* Argos, *where he was nurs'd.*

FINIS.